WILHELM THE SECOND.

THE YOUNG EMPEROR WHO IS HIS OWN BISMARCK.

A Vigorous, Daring Ruler—His Home Life and Army Life—Warrior, Statesman and Huntsman—Incidents of His Boyhood—His Chief Advisers.

EMPEROR Wilhelm is the man of the hour. A mysterious destiny seems to guide him on. He rides into the field of European politics with clash of sword and jingle of spur; he sets aside ancient trusty counsellors—not in anger, but with the pacific assurance that he will follow their policy in all that is good for the German nation.

He is a splendid and impressive figure. His youth, his courage, his evident determination to follow in the footsteps of Frederick the Great, all make him interesting.

The scepter fell from the dying hand of Frederick the Noble into the grasp of this young soldier. From the moment that he held it he showed that he meant to be an emperor in very truth.

All Europe has rung with the reports of his journeys, his alliances, his naval and military projects.

He is the new man on horseback come to dazzle, to charm, perhaps to transform Europe.

How many a time, during his rapid journeys north and south, and in mornings and evenings full of care and exhausting ceremony, his heart must turn back with longing to the old palace opposite the Arsenal in Berlin, in which his father lived for so many years and through the stately apartments in which he ranged freely when a little child.

Here Frederick William Victor Albert, commonly called Prince William, was born January 27, 1859. His home was more homelike than most palaces, but the breath of war had blown through it, as through every other public or private edifice in Prussia. The vast ante-chambers were garnished with busts of the Generals of the wars of 1813 and 1815, interspersed with the medallions of Humboldt and other savants of Berlin.

In the apartments of his mother the little Prince had a chance to acquire English tastes. All the surroundings were severely British. In one small apartment, used for boudoir and bedroom, Wilhelm doubtless passed many childish hours gazing out upon the Arsenal or the University, or amusing himself with the collections of Iceland moss, shells from the Isle of Wight, coral necklaces and English keepsakes, with which the etageres were filled. In the Princess' rooms there were no pictures; in her youth she seemed not to care for them.

In the opposite wing were the study and the private rooms of "Papa Fritz," in which the young Wilhelm was now and then allowed, as a special favor, to show his white-haired little pate.

Prince Wilhelm learned one thing from his father which may stand him in good stead one day. That was

EMPEROR WILLIAM II.

know and appreciate the masses, to understand their dialect and enter into their humor.

The two often made excursions together among the toilers.

When he was seven years old the young Prince was placed under the instruction of Dr. Hinzpeter, for whom he conceived a friendship which has grown with his years, and which has caused much jealousy of the tutor in recent times.

Major General Von Stolberg was the Prince's military governor, and the young man's marked predilection for military studies received a great impetus from this able soldier.

After his confirmation in 1874, the Prince was sent with his brother, Prince Henry, who is now the Admiral, to the Gymnasium at Cassel, where he passed his examinations in 1877. This was the first time that any German prince had ever been sent to a public school.

He continued his studies in the University at Bonn, and there, as at Cassel, he was treated exactly like the other students and formed the habit of close application which has stood him in such good stead since he came to the throne.

An English tutor who was employed by the Crown Princess to superintend the English side of the future Emperor's education has given some interesting glimpses of the royal household. When he first saw the Crown Princess she told him she was anxious that her son should acquire a good English accent.

Reviews and similar state functions were the only interruptions to the work of the young Princes.

Prince William, as he was universally called, except by his governor, who generally said "*Lieber Prinz*," soon mastered English, and speaks it as well as he does German. It took him some time to learn how to write English well; but one day he brought his tutor a birthday letter written to Queen Victoria and asked his tutor to correct it.

EMPRESS AUGUSTA VICTORIA.

There was nothing to correct, and since that time the young Emperor has been able to write fluently and correctly in his mother's native language.

Nothing could be more simple and natural than the lives the Princes lived. Whether in their school-rooms, at their meals, or the manner in which they were treated, there was but little to distinguish them from the children of any gentleman of good fortune. The words "Royal Highness" were never used, but the "du," which naturally belongs to the German schoolboy, was replaced by the more respectful "sie." The tutor used to shake hands unceremoniously with his royal pupil every day, and Prince William would chat about what he had been doing; that Professor Helmholz had told him this, or that Count Moltke had explained to him that. He was very fond of fairy stories.

The young Prince's English relatives took care to fill his mind with eminently conservative notions. One day he came to his teacher with this rather startling question:

"Uncle —— says that Oliver Cromwell was a horrid beast; what do you think?" The tutor hardly knew what to answer.

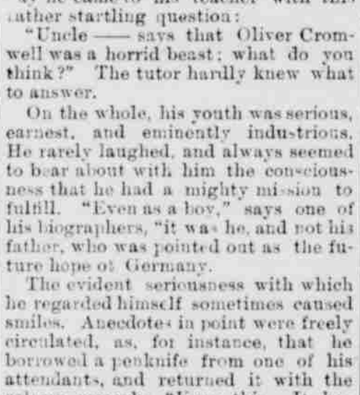
On the whole, his youth was serious, earnest, and eminently industrious. He rarely laughed, and always seemed to bear about with him the consciousness that he had a mighty mission to fulfill. "Even as a boy," says one of his biographers, "it was he, and not his father, who was pointed out as the future hope of Germany.

The evident seriousness with which he regarded himself sometimes caused smiles. Anecdotes in point were freely circulated, as, for instance, that he borrowed a penknife from one of his attendants, and returned it with the solemn remark: "Keep this. It has now become a historic relic." But this absence of any sense of humor is now shown to be only the obverse side of splendid and princely characteristics.

Young Wilhelm's military career began as soon as he returned from the University, in the First Guard Regiment of Infantry at Potsdam, the old garrison town haunted by memories of Frederick the Great.

The First Guards is Prussia's crack regiment, and in this the Prince remained with the infantry until he rose to be Major, when he was transferred to the Potsdam Hussars, a cavalry regiment, whose uniform he is very fond of wearing.

Hunting and athletic sports have a large part in the young Emperor's life. This is not merely because the Emperor is fond of the mere sport of knocking over small or large game, but because hunting expeditions offer an excellent pretext for assembling



COUNT AND COUNTESS VON WALDERSEE.

together large parties of the nobility and gentry and conversing with them.

Young Wilhelm is not so enthusiastic or accomplished a sportsman as the Emperor of Austria, but he has been engaged in several very risky encounters with large game.

On one occasion in Russia, when he was "Prince Wilhelm," he distinguished himself by engaging a ferocious bear single-handed and came off victor.

There is not much chance to shoot large game in Germany, and the Emperor, for several years before his accession to the throne, was accustomed to make excursions into Lithuania, in winter, and spending a week or two on the estates of his intimate friends, the Radziwills, in Russia.

On this great demesne of Nieswies vast forests filled with wild game stretch away for leagues, and afford hunters all the perils and excitements of the wilderness.

Since he has become Emperor, Wilhelm has continued his pleasant relations with the Radziwills, and now and then gives them a grand hunting party as a return for their hospitality.

In 1881 Prince Wilhelm was married, at the age of 22, to Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein Augustenburg, and their first-born son is the fourth in the series of "four kings," as the old Kaiser remarked in the year following, when a photograph was taken at Potsdam of himself, his son, grandson, and the infant prince, borne in the old man's arms, thus presenting in a group the first four generations of the new imperial German house.

The Princess, his wife, is not of royal blood, and by her he has a family of five boys, the eldest of whom has already a military rank in the army, and is generally attired in uniform and boots, a veritable "Puss in Boots," to whom the soldiers have to present

THE EMPEROR'S CHILDREN PLAYING AT WAR.

arms. Crown Prince William's married life has not been entirely a happy one. His wife is plain, but of charming character. She was very strictly brought up, not being allowed in her girlhood to read a novel or see a play.

The match was made by his mother, not by himself, and on reaching manhood years this fact helped to anger him against both his mother and his wife. He snubs her for her lackings in royal blood and beauty and is rarely seen in her company, she being jealous of him and of her rank as the first lady of the land. As the second Empress Victoria, her influence promises to be felt.

For some time after her marriage Prince Wilhelm resided in Potsdam, where he was finally appointed a major general. The life of the young couple was simple; and even to-day, as

COUNT VON MOLTKE.

Berlin, their home life is singularly free from luxury.

Prince Wilhelm learned the value of simplicity from his father, and he is teaching it to his officers, by laying down certain cardinal rules about plain living, which they all find it prudent to observe.

When he thinks any garrison town is becoming too sleepy he makes it a visit and has all the troops turned out by an alarm at night—a proceeding which sometimes causes much vexation and damage.

Emperor Wilhelm is fond of residing in the "Schloss," the picturesque old castle which, with its massive portals and broad courts, looms up not far from the bridge near which stands the colossal equestrian bronze statue of the Great Elector.

All the Prussian Kings and Emperors, nine in number, have at times resided in the Schloss, except Frederick the Third and the mighty Fritz, who liked Potsdam best.

The Emperor entertains well; he loves his children, and brings them up strictly, and in all the traditions of the Hohenzollerns. He allows them to take on no airs because of their princely position.

The heir-apparent, Crown Prince Frederick William, was born in May of 1882. He is a pretty boy, of promising disposition, very fond of directing mimic war operations with his little brothers.

Kaiser Wilhelm has developed into a handsome and imposing man.

He is in the full flush of strength and has kept his youth very well. In his 31st year he still has the freshness and vigor of a boy, and the elasticity of his temperament is displayed whenever he is with intimate friends.

He is more than six feet tall, well put up; not of so athletic a build as the Anglo-Saxon, but strong, wiry, and supple. Since he has become Emperor he has grown a trifle stouter.

His left arm is his most palpable physical defect. "It hangs listlessly," says one biographer, "and is, I should say, about an inch and a half higher than the other arm. I am told that this malformation is a great vexation as well as inconvenience to him; but he deserves praise for the adroit manner in which he uses the hand."

There is a story that the English

THE YOUNG EMPEROR IN HUNTING COSTUME.

physician who officiated at his birth is responsible for the condition of his arm.

The Emperor rarely shows himself divested of his uniform. He is wise in this, for his good looks are much enhanced by his military trappings.

He rises early, takes a very light breakfast and goes for a little exercise, after which he takes a second breakfast, this time of an omelette, ham and eggs, a mutton chop or a chicken. He dines at half-past one on bouillon or broth, boiled meat with vegetables, followed by roast meat and pudding, and if there is company present an entree and an ice. His supper is of meat or fish and pudding. His favorite dishes are poulets sautees, with potatoes or baked fish, especially perch, pike, sole or turbot.

When not in uniform he dresses in English style, and a marked predilection for English costumes and manners has been apparent in his dress and demeanor for sometime past, although he is intensely Prussian in sentiment. His conversion to English ideas in minor matters is striking, because for a long time before his father's death he was intensely hostile even to the name of England. There was a period when he seemed estranged from both father and mother, not long before Emperor Frederick's death, but the reconciliation was complete, so far Frederick was concerned, before that noble and generous spirit passed away.

The new advisers by whom he has surrounded himself are not likely to interfere with the Emperor's theory of being his own Bismarck. General Von Caprivi bears a striking resemblance to the old Chancellor, but he has none of the mental hardness of Prince Bismarck; he may be expected to yield to the imperial policy when it differs from his own.

General Count Alfred von Waldersee, who about a year ago was made the successor of the venerable Moltke as Chief of General Staff and who was long a favorite of the old Emperor, was looked on by many as likely to succeed Bismarck. He is a man of talents, and his policy, which is aggressive, is quite popular with Wilhelm Second.

Count von Waldersee's wife is an American lady, who has much social tact, and is very justly popular.

Evils of Civilization.

Civilization abounds in artificial, abnormal conditions, many of which must be more or less unfavorable to health. To some extent, the same thing is true of the lower animals and even of the vegetables. The domesticated horse is far more delicate than his wild progenitor, and the wild potato probably has no such tendency to rot as is manifested by the cultivated progeny.

Modern civilization makes all the nations neighbors—shares not only of each other's blessings, but of each other's vices and diseases. Yellow fever, dengue, cholera, typhus fever and la grippe all reached us from abroad.

Meantime the progress of the United States as a nation is not without its bad side. Young men abandon the quiet and invigorating life of the farm for the exciting and in some respects demoralizing and enfeebling life of the city. The young women leave the normal and healthful work of the home for the exhausting toil of the workshop and the beggarly life of the boarding-house.

If manufactures give us cheaper goods, they do so at a large expenditure of human health and life. At the same time they crowd the great centers with a population hard to assimilate and pervaded with its own unhealthy and vicious tendencies.

Even our schools, of which we are justly so proud, greatly aid in propagating the diseases of childhood, besides producing a general tendency to defective vision, and a letting down of the general health.

The increasingly minute division of labor, so beneficial in some respects, must have a belittling effect upon the laborer. As one said many years ago, the manufacture of a pin by the divided labor of several different persons gives us excellent pins, but poor mechanics, and worse yet, poor men and women.

Among other ills of civilization are overworked brains; various forms of nervous exhaustion; the worries of domestic and social life; the ruinous greed of wealth; the disastrous results of excessive business competition; the diseases and vices naturally attendant upon luxury; the crowding together of the ignorant and depraved in large cities.

Let every one do his best to guard himself and help his brother against the evils of humanity at its best estate. —*Youth's Companion.*

"WHEN you and your wife make any call," said a department clerk, who had agreed to supervise the social enterprises of a friend who had some proclivities in a sporting way, "you will want cards. Are you provided in this respect?" "Oh, I should say so," was the confident assurance. "I got three now packs day before yesterday."

To the Rescue.

Muscular strength is largely influenced by mental condition. Sudden excitement, in particular, sometimes produces almost miraculous effects, so that the doer of an act can hardly believe afterward that he really accomplished it. In cool blood he might as well try to move a mountain. Mr. F. Y. Dabney, in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," gives an instance of the efficacy of an encouraging word and example. The story is interesting also as setting in a favorable light one of the most famous of the Confederate Generals.

The incident occurred on the morning after the battle of Williamsburg. Late in the preceding afternoon general orders had been issued by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, informing us of the intended retrograde movement on the next morning. Among the instructions was one to the effect that any gun caisson, or quartermaster or commissary wagon, which might become set in the mud so as to impede the line of march, must be destroyed at once. In other words, the road must be kept clear.

The writer was a Lieutenant in Snowden Andrews' battery of light artillery, and as such commanded one section of two guns, which, with their caissons, required four teams of six horses each. One of these teams was notoriously weak, and when the general orders were read I became very anxious about it, especially as nothing is considered more humiliating to a battery than to have to part with a portion of its equipment, no matter what the cause may be.

When the retreat commenced, therefore, I endeavored to keep all the men of my section well in hand and ready to assist at a moment's notice.

For six miles north of Williamsburg the entire army was falling back over a single road, and as there had been frequent rains this road was badly cut up and the mud in many places was up to the axles of the guns. Finally my weak team balked, with the gun in a deep hole.

Every effort was made by the driver to dislodge the gun, but without avail; and when I got to the wheels with as many men as could be utilized, I found that the horses could not be made to work in concert.

The whole line to the rear was at a dead stand-still, when I observed a party of mounted officers coming down the road from the front, and presently I recognized Gen. Johnston at their head. We all were covered with mud and straining every muscle to extricate the gun, when the General, resplendent in uniform, white gauntlets and polished cavalry boots, rode up and halted by our side.

I gave the military salute and stood like a criminal awaiting sentence. To my surprise he remarked, in a very kindly tone: "Well, Lieutenant, you seem to be in trouble."

"Yes, sir," I replied, "and I am afraid we shall have to abandon this gun."

"Oh, no, I reckon not! Let me see what I can do."

Thereupon he leaped from his horse, waded out into the mire, seized one of the wheel-spokes, covered as it was with mud, and called out: "Now, boys, all together!"

The effect was magical, and the next moment the gun jumped clear of the mud-hole. After that our battery used to swear by "Old Joe."

Well Rewarded.

Up among the hills of New Hampshire lived a farmer who had an only daughter, of whom he was extremely fond and not a little proud. The farmer was poor, but Frances was ambitious, and her father and mother were no less ambitious for her. Her one great desire was to become a teacher. By rigid economy, and with the help of a little money that the girl earned by making birch-bark knick-knacks to be sold to summer tourists, she was at length able to enter the Normal School of the State, where she was a general favorite, and proved herself a scholar of unusual ability.

Near the end of her second term, news came suddenly that her father had dropped dead of heart disease, and there remained nothing for Frances but to give up her studies, and return home to comfort and help her mother. It seemed the harder to do this because there was every prospect that within two years she would be able to support herself and her mother so much better in the line of her chosen profession; but for the present they had nothing to live upon but the farm.

Frances was too plucky to complain, and too noble to hesitate. She not only went back to the farm but set herself to make it yield a living. With her own hands she planted and weeded and gathered the crops, and although now and then a kindly neighbor came to her help, the most of the work fell upon her shoulders.

In the middle of the second summer she was hoeing in the garden, when a party of travelers stopped to ask the way. She recognized one of them as a schoolmate, but made no sign, and simply answered the questions asked her; but the other had recognized her voice, and cried out in amazement:

"Why, Frances, is that you? What in the world you are you doing?"

"I am hoeing," she answered.

"But that is a man's work."

"There is no man to do it, and of course I could not let mother come out here to work."

The party stared at her a moment in silence, and then, without saying a word more, drove away, leaving Frances inclined to be rebellious and bitter in her thoughts.

The next morning, however, the school friend drove over from the hotel, bringing the welcome tidings that her aunt, a wealthy and childless lady, had been so much impressed by the encounter of the day before that she was ready to furnish the funds for the completion of Frances' education.

The rest of the story may be imagined, and it is pleasant to be able to set down one more instance in which pluck, and, what is better, self-denial, were rewarded as they deserved to be.

WHILE we have so many lakes in this country there is only one that is really Superior.

A BATTLE WITH DEATH IN THE AIR.

The Frightful Experience of a German Aeronaut in a Recent Trip.

The German aeronaut Wolff recently had a most terrible experience during a trip in a balloon from the grounds of the Cologne Exhibition of the Art of War. In company with Peter Schmitz and a manufacturer named Depenheuer he started in the balloon Stollwerk at 1 o'clock on a cloudy afternoon. The balloon flew one mile almost straight upward into the thick of a storm. Wolf, fearful of the strong winds and hail around him, decided to make a landing as soon as possible.

"There was nothing but woods and woods under us," he said, subsequently. "The balloon descended with violent rapidity. I finally discovered a little clearing on a steep mountain side and prepared to anchor. The balloon descended more slowly, and the people who had observed us hurried together underneath to help us land. I drew the ventilator a little further open and motioned to Schmitz to get out. Depenheuer alighted, and all was well, when suddenly a whirlwind struck us. A terrible jerk sends me on my back in the car. I jump up to find all things swimming down, down below me, and two men clinging helplessly to the edge of the car. I catch the nearest one, a peasant who tried to assist in the landing. Too late! His strength is gone; he lets go, and I hear with horrible distinctness the muffled thud of his body on the ground.

"My heart sickens, but I rally to save my friend Schmitz, who still sticks to the car's side. Already the clouds are sinking beneath us. We are at least two miles above the earth. I try to raise Schmitz into the car, but he has sunk so far down from the edge that I can hardly grasp his wrists, and he is too weak to make an effort for himself. Both of us groan our despair, for all seems over. Slowly and painfully I raise him a little, set my teeth in the back of his coat, and endeavor to bind him fast with the storm line. A few moments drag by in hope and despair, and I finally succeed in fastening the rope under his arms and in tying him so to the car. There is no safety in the device, however, for were Schmitz to lose consciousness for an instant his body would relax and he would slip away. I call to him, "Spread out your arms! Spread out your arms!" I hear his body move in response to my admonition, but his voice is lost to me.

"All this has occupied twenty-five minutes, and we have in the meantime been slipping upward. Everything now depends upon our making a quick landing. I draw open the valve, and we begin falling. We plunge into a great storm. The balloon spins around in circles, and sways about like a drunken man. Rain, hail, thunder, and lightning sweep over us. The balloon reels so that I must lie on my face to remain in the car.

"'Peter! Peter!' I call to my friend. 'Hold fast! Only hold fast!'

"No response, for he cannot hear me. The agitation of the balloon has loosened the rope and he has sagged back again, down the side of the car, so I can only see his finger-tips on the edge. I creep to the side of the car, seize his right with my left hand, and with my right hand and teeth I tug at the valve.

"'I cannot hold out longer,' comes in a weak voice from Schmitz; 'I am slipping away.'

"'One minute, only a minute more,' I cry back, 'and we will be there.'

"The nearer we come to the ground, however, the more violent becomes the oscillation of the balloon. Finally we slip over a house, a barn, and drop like a shot to the ground.

"'Let go,' I shout to Schmitz, 'and jump away from the anchor.'

"He obeys, and the balloon, 195 pounds lighter, soars upward. I pull at the valve with all my strength till the anchor catches a small tree. But the tree gives way, and with the rebound the car springs up to the balloon, and for a moment I hang on almost by my teeth. The anchor catches again in a tree. Again a jerk, a crack, a rebound, and I am tossed about like a ball. Once more the anchor catches. I find myself just above the top of a dense old cedar. Head first I dive into the branches and fall from bough to bough till I reach the ground. The anchor rattles near me. Another tree breaks, and the balloon sails off to the northeast.

"I had landed near Clive. In an hour I had the whole neighborhood out looking for Schmitz. He was not to be found. 'Dead,' I thought, as I limped painfully along between two peasants in the direction of the Overath railway station. Presently a group of men and women hurry toward us from a side street. Three of them were half carrying a man. I hastened to them as rapidly as I could, and had Schmitz in my arms.

"To-day my head is dense and weighty. Every bone in my body aches and pulsates. I cannot sleep, and I have no peace, since I can get no news of the poor peasant who fell sacrifice to his willingness to help me."

His Head Was Level.

At a recent ministerial convention one of the preachers suggested that it wouldn't be a bad idea to have a sermon occasionally on the recognition of friends on earth. He said many people were so taken up with the good time they expected to have in the sky they forgot to be sociable here. His head was level, and we hope his sensible words will be about the same as putting another stove in every church.—*Ram's Horn.*

DRAWING Teacher—Now, this is a symmetrical figure. Can any one tell me what symmetry is? Ah! There is a little boy with his hand up. What is symmetry, little boy? Jimmy Scanlan—Plaze, sor, it do be a place fwhere they buries dead paple.

JUDGE—I am no hypocrite. I do all my drinking above board, and don't you forget it, Wickwire—I guess you are right. I notice you don't drink any after you have slid under the table.